EARL LUGS BRIDE HOME---MALTESE TIGER SOUGHT

Loyal Tenantry Cheer Laird Who Observes Custom Dating to Border Warfare Days

Lord Minto, Scottish chieftain, who followed the ancient custom of carrying his bride (Miss Marion Cook of Canada) across his ancestral threshold.

New York Herald Bureau, London, April 28.

LORD MINTO and his bride came home just a little while ago in the midst of all the old time ceremony of a Scottish border laird. The young Earl, who married a Canadian girl, Miss Marion Cook, in Montreal last January, is one of the largest land owners in Scotland, with more than 25,000 acres in his two estates in Roxburghshire and Fifeshire.

It was to his place near Hawick, in Roxburghshire, that Lord Minto brought home his bride. There are many hundreds of tenant farmers and villagers on the estate, and they all united in the traditional welcome. In the old days they would have taken the horses from the coach and hauled it to the house from the borders of the estate. In 1921 they contented themselves with inducing the Earl's much amused chauffeur to throw out the clutch of his big motor car and let them haul it up the drive with the engine silent.

At the entrance to the fine old house the entire tenantry was gathered to cheer the arrivals. And here it became the duty of the Earl to play his part. Since the days when border lairds were not averse to hopping over into England and bringing home their brides by force it has been the custom for the bridegroom to carry the bride across his own threshold the first time. The young Earl of Minto did it with all the ease of his muscular forbears.

Education is still much under the supervision of the great landed proprietors, and school children played a big part in the welcome home. They were gathered on the steps of the main entrance to the house and brought a delighted handclap from the bride when they burst forth into "The Maple Leaf Forever" even before "Scotland Forever." And one of the little singers was Miss Margaret Wilson. In fact, she was the ycungest, and the bride delightedly accepted a pretty bouquet from her.

It is significant that only a week later some of the Earl's neighbors were marching with the red flag to the attack of railway junctions and coal piles a few miles away in Fifeshire. But these people, every Scot will tell you with well nigh hectic indignation, are "fur-r-r-iners."

Strange to say the old story of the Polish Jews who starved in Scotland has been refuted. Great numbers of the Scots, as every one knows, knocked off mining and went to run England and Ireland and Canada and the United States during the last fifty years. In consequence the vacancies at the mine pits have been filled from the great Slavic reservoir of unskilled labor in mideastern Europe. The mines are full of Poles speaking both Polish and Russian and the ports of Glasgow and Edinburgh are well filled with seamen from the Baltic—Letts and Lithuanians.

The great international propaganda organization of Moscow knew more about this centre for possible infection than did the British public and when certain British labor leaders came back from Russia not long ago they were well supplied with documents and "literature" and pictures which these people could understand in their mother tongues. Of course there is a large element of Irish in the Scottish mines, too—not Bolshevists, but eager to do anything that can distract the attention of the British army from their own country. And it was quite a gay little red time until the soldiers and the sailors arrived from the cruisers in the Firth of Forth.

And the real Scots—Lord Minto's tenants—greeted the arrival of the soldiers with the same cheers with which they greeted the arrival of the laird and his lady.

Nature Freak That Terrorizes Chinese Province Hunted by American for Decade

THE strangest tiger in the world, the maltese tiger of Fukien, ranges the mountains in the province of Fukien in South China, and he has been sought for eleven years by one of the most remarkable preachers in the world.

The tiger is clearly a freak. Zoologists recognize only two species of this ferocious beast, the Bengal and the Malay, each of which is well known. Scientists have been hearing about the maltese tiger for ten years or more. The matter of bringing in his skin has been left to the Rev. Harry Russell Caldwell, missionary in charge of the Yenping Missions Station, Yenping, Fukien, China.

The Chinese villagers whose homes and herds he raids believe the maltese beast to be the devil himself in tiger form. He is a prodigy in wits as well as color and has played at hide-and-go-seek with many skilful hunters from various parts of the world.

Maltese Tiger Twice in Range Of Caldwell's Gun, but Escapes

Roy Chapman Andrews on the third Asiatic expedition of the American Museum of Natural History spent five weeks with Harry Caldwell ranging the Fukien mountains after this freak of nature, but to no avail.

Twice Caldwell and Andrews almost had him, but each time native Chinese appeared nearby and thwarted their strategy. Twice Caldwell has seen him plainly, both times for a good shot, and each time has had to hold his fire. Once he saw him creeping up on two Chinese boys, and Caldwell knew that if he should only wound him the beast would tear the little fellows to bits. So he saved the boys by shouting and waving his hat. This scared the tiger and Caldwell sacrificed the chance he had sought for six long years. Some day he will get the beast, so everybody in Fukien believes. According to Caldwell's latest letter to the museum, the collection of skins he is sending contains "a prize," but he does not tell what it is. Is the prize specimen the skin of the maltese tiger of Fukien? Several more shipments are due and only time will tell.

Some of Mr. Caldwell's latest collections are now being unpacked at the Museum, Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West. There are the skins of tigers, leopards, mountain wolves, wild pigs, civet cats, deer, rodents, bats and numerous invertebrates, reptiles and insects in the first consignment. One tiger skin is among the finest specimens of fur of that beast taken anywhere in recent years.

From tigers to insects, they were killed or captured single handed by Mr. Caldwell. To the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church he is known as an energetic evangelist, whose itinerating is never at an end and whose record in conversions is proof of his devotion to the mission cause. To the readers of hunting stories by Roy Chapman Andrews and other world famed hunters the name of Harry Caldwell of Fukien stands for a hunter whose skill and daring are the admiration of huntsmen all over the globe. To the world of nature science the Caldwell specimens are well known and esteemed, always to be depended on for accuracy of classification and satisfactory standard of preservation.

The Rev. Harry Russell Caldwell, American missionary in China, ready for the great tiger hunt.

He is a field collector for the American Museum of Natural History, and here his various specimens gathered during his twenty years in China are to be seen.

The scientific world a year ago was stirred by the arrival of Roy Chapman Andrews from Mongolia with the head of the biggest Bighorn sheep ever killed or captured. It had been killed by one of the white men of the expedition. That man was Caldwell, who was granted a special leave of absence from his missionary work in Fukien to accompany the expedition.

That Bighorn kill was only an incident in Caldwell's exciting life. Tigers have been his main interest as a sportsman, especialy the maltese tiger. Chinese villagers in the mountains of Fukien, where the depredations of these beasts yearly reach an appalling total of human lives and financial losses in live stock, who used to depend vainly on Buddha or Confucius for protection, now turn to the white preacher of Yenping, sending runners across country to beg the clergyman to come to their rescue when a tiger raids a community. And there is usually one less tiger in the Fukien mountains thereafter. "Serving the Lord with gunpowder," Caldwell calls it.

Mr. Caldwell comes by his religion, his science and his sportsmanship by heredity. With three brothers, he was reared down in eastern Tennessee, where good game was to be found if one only knew how to look for it. His father was the Rev. L. B. Caldwell, a Methodist country minister, who had the customary minister's attitude toward boys in their "teens" loafing about the country store at the crossroads and spending their time "swapping lies" about what they never did or would like to do. The father drove a bargain with his boys. He would teach them to hunt and fish, buy them guns, tackle, reels, &c., and go with them on expeditions into the best shooting grounds accessible to their little mountain home, on the condition they keep away from the loafers and that they undertake a scientific study of their sport. The boys agreed. Thereafter for years the father, himself a good shot, ranged the Tennessee woods with his four sons.

Of those four boys three became Methodist preachers. All four are known as expert huntsmen. Two of them went to China as missionaries, but the wearing climate of Fukien forced one to return to America to be district superintendent of the Methodist churches about Suffern, N. Y. The other minister brother is preaching at Frankfort, N. Y.

In China Harry Caldwell took his recreation as in the days of his boyhood. He fought his first tiger with a shotgun, a hazardous thing to undertake. On this occasion Caldwell squatted behind a bush just before twilight and watched the tiger for half an hour at fifty yards—a fine range for a rifle, but hopelessly far for a fowling piece. Caldwell had tethered a goat and two kids to a stake within ten feet of this hiding place on a terrace of the mountain side. The tiger sat and watched the goal, suspicious, but hungry. Then he slipped forward, sprang up to the terrace, and found himself face to face with his first missionary fifteen feet away.

Caldwell fired point blank into Lau Hu's striped face. The great brute leaped into the air, rolled down the terrace, as Caldwell fired again a load of lead into his hind quarters. The tiger dragged himself away while Caldwell fumbled in his pocket for more shells. Next day the tiger was found dead three miles away, at the end of a bloody trail.

Since then Caldwell hunts tigers with a high powered rifle, but the calibre is ridiculously small, being only .22. He uses this gun for small specimens of mammals for the museum, and throws in an explosive bullet for tigers, leopards and wolves.

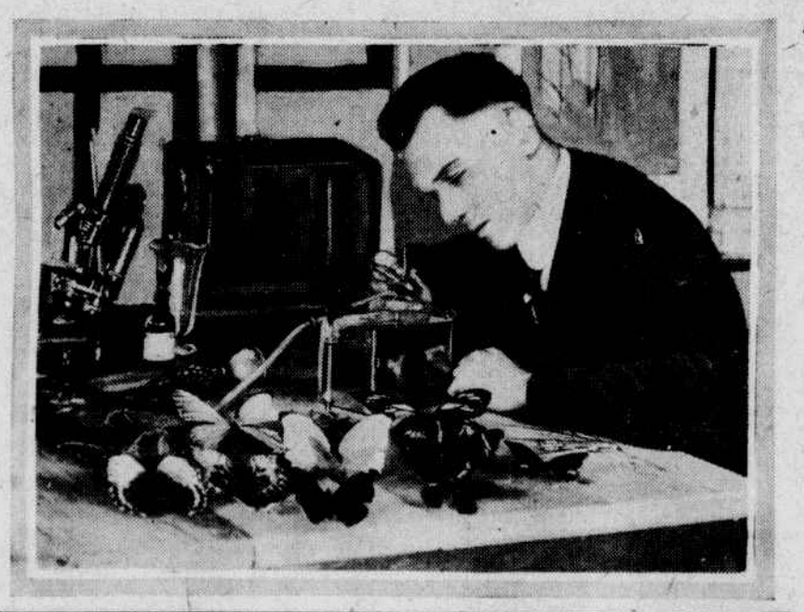
Slays Huge Beast That Ate One of His Young Parishioners

One spring out in Fukien a very fine specimen of tiger killed and ate a sixteen-year-old boy in Caldwell's parish and thereby doomed himself to a glass case and a card entitled "Felis tigris, South China," in the museum. Caldwell bagged him next day, and the carcass measured over nine feet in length and weighed over 400 pounds. He proved the finest specimen killed in all south China for many years. The Chinese came and soaked up the beast's blood for medicine and a prevention charm against smallpox and measles. The bones, too, they cooked into a gelatinous mass, which makes the best preventive against all diseases known to Chinese native quackery.

The remains of a small boy were found in the lair of this man eater, and yet no such child had disappeared from that section for many years. There were evidences that the child had been carried there alive, from a great distance, and been tortured by the tiger as a cat would play with a mouse. In the lair of a tiger are found many side passages, and in some of these only will the beast eat. Here are found the bones of deer, wild hogs, porcupines, pangolin, calves and other animals.

And so the maltese tiger hunt is still going on as it has been for the last eleven years. The world seems to have left the matter largely up to Mr. Caldwell and every one believes he will win.

Hobby for Butterflies Yields a Good Return



Morris A. Strickler in his laboratory. Raising butterflies on a commercial scale requires infinite patience, study and special equipment.

MORRIS A. STRICKLER of Detroit has a hobby. So have we all, but most of us are loath to admit it. Some hobbies are classified as assets; others as liabilities. In the particular case of Mr. Strickler, who readily admits possession of a hobby, it comes under the head of assets and for several years has paid dividends of sufficient size to encourage him to give his whole attention to it.

Strickler's admitted hobby is butterflies. He began the study of them at the age of 10 years, and a few years later invested his savings of $35 in necessary material. He soon turned it into $200, and finally into as high as $3,000 per month. An hour spent in his small laboratory, among thousands of butterflies; to watch them developing into living "flies" from the many oushels of cocoons, and especially to listen to Strickler's talks of them and to them—he apparently knows them all by name—cannot fail to interest.

Fashion says: "Bluebirds and butterflies will lead in feminine adornment."

Strickler says: "I'll contribute 100,000 butterflies to beautify femininity."

The first eggs obtained by Strickler came as a collection from foreign countries. Chrysalides, too, the dormant state of the butterfly, were also secured, and at the present time he is receiving thousands of specimens from all parts of the earth. Boys in Detroit—especially the Boy Scouts when on their usual "hikes"—have become cocoon and butterfly hunters for Mr. Strickler, who furnishes the necessary professional collectors' outfits.

The raising of butterflies on a commercial scale requires patience, study and extremely sanitary equipment. The choicest of both sexes are allowed to mate in white enamelled breeding cages. The female deposits her eggs about 600 at a time on a sheet of damp, white muslin in the bottom of the cage, and the eggs are hatched by the sun's rays or by artificial heat. The eggs can be kept for a period of six months, if so desired, before being hatched, and of course in this way can be shipped from all parts of the world. From eight to twelve days are required to hatch.

The tiny larvæ that emerge from the eggs vary in color according to the species, and there are more than six hundred varieties in the United States alone. After two or three days these "worms" are mounted on the respective plants that are known to appeal to their tastes. Some of the "birds" will feed on almost any plant, but this species is very small indeed. Others will die of starvation unless such food as appeals to their sensitive taste is furnished. They eat and grow until the time they change formation by developing into those wonderfully mysterious chrysalides. Later, they release themselves from the cocoon shrouds, and appear in the winged state of butterflies, moths or sphinxes. They are adults in from ten to twenty-five minutes after emerging from their chrysalis or pupa form. But their lives are exceedingly short, for no sooner do they expand and dry their wings, a question of only thirty minutes at the most, than they are placed in gas charged jars, which kills them instantly. They are then dressed and cleaned by the taxidermist, and stuffed.

The sexes differ in size, color and general appearance, especially in the formation of their feet and antennæ.

From a commercial point of view the butterfly industry is proving a success and is growing rapidly. Strickler has become an artist as an interior decorator, always using butterflies. Tea trays, lampshades and lockets find ready sale, bring in large profits, and an order was recently placed for him to decorate with about two hundred and fifty butterflies the body of a well known make of automobile. This body, being of glass, will be used for show purposes only.

Novelty dealers, furniture stores and jewelry shops are the best buyers, and Strickler has found himself facing the necessity of employing several assistants to help supply the demand. There is a wide range in prices of butterflies, depending entirely on the species, color and size. The more common Michigan "bird" will retail at $1, others from the Nile, Trinidad, the Philippines, Brazil, Central America, China and the South Sea Islands bringing more fancy prices ranging from $25 up to $100 and $400, the white, swallow-tail shape moth commanding the highest figure. Unfortunately, said Mr. Strickler, this particularly desired moth is nearly extinct and rarely seen.

Negroes as Moonshiners Add to Georgia's Problems

Race Wars, Peonage and Other Outrages Follow Departure in Illicit Liquor Making

MOONSHINING in the South, since it now is conducted by blacks as well as whites and on an unprecedented scale, looms as a big contributing factor to the conditions which have attracted nation-wide attention, first through the Williams "murder farm" case and more recently through the presentation by Gov. Dorsey of Georgia of a long list of outrages purporting to show that persecution, enslavement and murder of negroes are widespread in that State.

How the illicit manufacture of whiskey is linked with laxity and graft in public office, peonage, increased racial bitterness, factional clashes among the whites themselves and a revival of night riding and threats of violence reminiscent of the days of the old Ku Klux Klan is told in the subjoined article written for THE NEW YORK HERALD by one who describes his actual observations in the moonshine districts of the South.

AMONG the startling events of the aftermath of the world war in the cotton States is the entry of the negroes into the distilling of whiskey—heretofore strictly the monopoly of the country-bred whites. From the close of the civil war to the passing of the Volstead act all the illicit distilling in the South was conducted with great skill and profits by the poorer type of the white farmers, mainly in the mountain country. They jealously guarded this monopoly, were so firmly established in it by the common approval of the entire community that men who have studied the case declare that they cannot recall a single prosecution of a negro for moonshining. Now the bulk of the arrests are made among black men. Of course, countless "stills" are now run by white men, but the prejudice against a colored man operating a still has vanished.

This extraordinary change has also brought to the fore in startling fashion the issue of "peonage," or holding black people in a sort of slavery to the whites of the farms. The Williams case at Covington, Ga., has brought nationwide attention to the evils of this system, as this case grew out of the murder of no less that eleven colored farmhands and resulted in the conviction of Williams, a white farmer of wealth and social prominence, of murder.

Along with the collapse of the price of cotton from 43 cents in July, 1920, to a bare 10 cents in January, 1921, an economical situation developed that involved a radical change of the social attitude toward the moonshiner by some of the best elements of the communities. Driven by debt, many of the best young white farmers "made a run" of whiskey to gain enough money to save their little holdings. They made no concealment of the facts; when arrested and jailed they were promptly bailed out by friends. Then public opinion divided into two camps: the old time Southern families denounced them as criminal and jailbirds and shunned them, but the younger element, largely represented by the returned soldiers and women and girls who had been active war workers at home and overseas, stoutly defended the offenders. This has resulted in a widespread and entirely new line of social cleavage in a land where social position is a vital factor in daily life.

The high prices of cotton from 1916 to 1919 drew all white men to that work, then so very profitable, and gradually they passed the making of illicit whiskey into the hands of colored men, working under their direction or protection and patronage. Easy cotton money came at a time when negroes were wild with desire to spend their sudden fortunes, and whiskey and automobiles became the means.

The South does not produce cars, but it does make uncommonly strong drinks, mainly corn whiskey "wid er kick liken' er mule, fur shore," the darkies declare. When the country went bone dry the State prohibition laws were ignored and the State officers calmly stood aside and literally "gave it out around town" that as far as they were concerned people could set up stills and make money.

This was when cotton was high; as it fell, another story developed. State officials, in many cases, were complacent when only negroes were brought in for running stills. Many people charge that public officials joined in the "get rich quick" movement of distilling and became quasi-partners in the work.

A white storekeeper explains how he calculated, after prohibition became a national matter, that it was far better to have colored men operate his still than to run it himself. If an arrest was made, he would lose nothing, as he would promptly sign the negro's bond and not only escape arrest himself, but return his colored tenant to the farm deeper in debt to him to the amount of the bond. The practice has long been established to forfeit these bonds, declare the accused a fugitive from justice and collect the amount of the bond and court costs from the white bondsman and then shelve the whole case, unless the "fugitive" failed to "work it out" to the satisfaction of the bondsman.

Another white man explains that he has "seen the Sheriff and the Judge and fixed things up" so that stills on his farm will not be molested—unless an agreed share of the liquor fails to reach the higherups, whoever they may be down there. Thus the result is that the colored distiller operates openly, taking no pains to conceal his still, as is the case with the white moonshiner, relying on his agreements with his white boss to protect him.

Usually this plan worked greatly to the white man's financial gain and the darkies also made money, but many instances were noted wherein the negroes failed to deliver the agreed share of the whiskey and were promptly arrested by State officers, but their stills were never destroyed, for the true proprietor of the still had another negro ready to run it. Often the trip to the jail resulted in the arrested negro's obtaining his release by making good the missing whiskey and swearing to work honestly thereafter, so he was often back on the job, singing at his work, the very next day.

These arrests and bonding out operations are regarded by Southern white people as quite ordinary and by no means cases of "peonage" in the meaning of the United States laws.

Charges have been made that some white men abuse this system to such an extent that they have a regular scale of bond money that they will pay for the release of a wandering, non-family type of darky. The unattached young colored men fall easy victims to the worst element of the white men, and of such were the eleven poor fellows done to death by axe and the waters of the Yellow River in the Williams case. Students of this system declare that a definite understanding exists between officers of city prisons and the county court houses to supply as many farmhands as their friends need upon request. It is obvious that their financial benefit from this traffic is satisfactory to them.

The clash of moonshine interests came last fall when, with the price of cotton down and white landowners and storekeepers facing ruin, the negro distillers came into their own in a wholesale way. They needed only a hint to set up a still and in one small county 120 stills were known to be in operation last November. It was at this time, too, that the young white farmers who had set up and were operating their own stills had gotten their moonshining so well under way that prospects seemed bright for them to offset their cotton losses by liquor profits.

Here the trouble began, since the stills operated by colored men were large and numerous and well protected by the "county ring," who saw sharp competition in the white operated stills, especially in so far as the trade in the cities was concerned. It is this very city trade with the shipping of corn whiskey into the Northern and Western States that brings the biggest profits and draws outside money into the districts hard hit by cotton losses. The "ring" which gained by the negro distilleries began to make raids on the white men, and this stirred up a tempest in short order.

In several cases of arrests of white men the sinister shadow of the old time Ku Klux Klan was seen falling across the scene. Scribbled warnings were found posted on doors, and great excitement reigned throughout the whole countryside; a subtle spirit of distrust and suspicion of neighbor against neighbor broke out.

Prominent men assert that immediately after a white man is arrested and his still broken up hard riding bands of men robed in flowing white garments are seen patrolling the roads adjacent to the location of the still, fiery signals flash in the night from hilltop to hilltop, and strange, unearthly shrieks may be heard near the homes of those responsible for or thought to have instigated the arrests. These masked men ride far and strike suddenly, as was the old time custom.

Short work is made of the stills of the negroes working under protection of white men suspected of having attacked white men who operate their own stills. This factor in the game of illicit whiskey making in the South bids fair to cause more trouble than the "peonage" system.

But the operations of the mysterious night riders are not, it seems, all directed toward the protection of the white distiller. Events point to movements within their own circles that lead men to believe that perhaps there may be two distinct organizations afield in the South. Occasions have been noted where riders bound for a point to make a demonstration against some one concerned in tormenting the white distiller have been seen to disappear into the night upon observing an equally mysterious band riding across their path near the homes of those whom the band desired to warn. The second band then vanished in an opposite direction.

Some assert that warfare between these bands may break out at any time. In that event the position of such Federal agents as might venture into the Southern countryside would be most dangerous, for, while warring against each other over a difference of who should make the precious liquors, these factions would undoubtedly unite in a mighty effort against outsiders, no matter how lawful their mission. Any one who knows the rural conditions in the cotton country knows how helpless outside investigators find themselves and what really grave dangers they face on such missions. In addition to the mysterious bands, secret service operatives would find hostility and hindrance on every side.